

Happiness is not to be found in the magnificence of a palace, but in the innocent employments of a country life. Scarce had she said these words, when the fairy appeared; I did not intend to reward, when I made you a queen, but to punish you for having given your plums grudgingly. To be happy, we must only enjoy what is necessary, and wish for no more. Ah! madam, cried Fair, you have been sufficiently revenged; put an end to my misfortunes. They are already at an end, replied the fairy: the king, who no longer loves you, is preparing to marry another wife; and his officers will come to-morrow, to order you to return to his palace no more.

It happened as the fairy foretold, and Fair passed the remainder of her days with her sister Blooming, in the most perfect pleasure and contentment, and never afterwards thought of a court, but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her cottage.

*Lady*

*Lady Charlotte.* Indeed, Mademoiselle, I am very much pleased with this story; I have always desired to be a shepherdess; I am extravagantly fond of the country, and I think I should desire nothing more, if I was a pretty countrywoman like Blooming; but then I should want some books with me.

*Mademoiselle.* I think you have a very pretty taste, my dear; but, in order to be happy in a course of life, we must have neither ambition, vanity, or extravagant desires; and that is very difficult. Without going into the country, you may be happy in any place, if you could but guard against those three faults which I have just now mentioned.

*Miss Harriot.* What is ambition, Mademoiselle?

*Mademoiselle.* 'Tis a desire of commanding every body; and vanity is a desire of being praised for beauty, wit, riches, or fine cloaths. Ask Miss Sprightly how miserable her vanity has made her.

*Miss*